

No 4409 & 919



No Plays Exchanged

BAKER'S NOVELTY PLAYS

44095-719

A BUSINESS MEETING

Price, 25 Cents



6466
179

WALTER H. BAKER COMPANY
BOSTON

Oh, Kay!

By Adam Applebud

A Farce Comedy in Three Acts interlarded with mystery and thrills. 6m., 5w. Three of the male characters have little to do. One easy interior. Plays a full evening. Here is another corking play by the author of *BE AN OPTIMIST* which will make as big a hit as that has. It will be fun to watch it, fun to act it and fun to rehearse it. It's a sort of mystery play with something doing every minute in the way of thrills, surprises and laughs. There are not any dead bodies falling out of closets and there are no gorillas, bats, spiders or other repulsive things running around but there's plenty of excitement and strange things happen before your eyes. "Gramp" with his flivver and its never ending accessories and "Gram" with her habit of trying every patent medicine on the market are a couple of comedy roles which will furnish a couple of hundred laughs. Kay Millis, the girl detective, is a strong part calling for good acting while Art and Edith are juvenile parts of much appeal. Then there are other good parts and as the plot moves all are enmeshed in the "tangled threads of mystery." Oh, yes, we must mention the Black Terror himself, who is the cause of all the trouble. Can it be . . .? Do you suppose . . .? He is . . .? But the secret must be kept. If you have pleased audiences before you will certainly retain their good will by offering them OH, KAY!

THE PLAYERS

Edith Whitman.
Evelyn Whitman, her mother.
Arthur Whitman, her brother.
Captain George Whitman, her father.
"Gram." Pembroke.
Alice Borden.
The "Black Terror."
"Gramp" Pembroke.
Jim Hayes.
Kay Millis, of the Millis Detective Agency.
Fred Alden.

The entire action of the play takes place in the living-room of the Whitmans in the course of one evening.

A few minutes elapse between Acts I and II.

Acts II and III are continuous.

ROYALTY ONLY TEN DOLLARS

Each Amateur Performance

Books Thirty-Five Cents Each

WALTER H. BAKER COMPANY

41 Winter Street,

Boston, Mass.

A Business Meeting

A Parlor Play in One Act

4409B.919

By ARLO BATES

Author of "A Gentle Jury," etc.

NEW YORK

1899

BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER & CO

A Business Meeting

CHARACTERS

MRS. GILFLORA SMITHE, *President of the Rosedale Sewing Circle.*

MISS SELINA GRAY, *Secretary.*

MRS. SAMPSON HOYT.

MRS. MERCY BROWNE.

MRS. CROWLER.

MRS. HENDERSON.

MRS. LOWELL.

MISS ARAMINTA SHARP.

MISS KEENE.

MISS WHITE.

COSTUMES.—Modern.



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A Business Meeting

SCENE.—*A parlor. In the centre at the back a table, behind which is an armchair, unoccupied. On the table a gavel, and at one end materials for writing. Chair at this end in which sits MISS KEENE turned away from table. All the ladies are present, seated about the room in groups, but in general conversation. All are in bonnets or hats except MRS. LOWELL. MRS. SMITHE stands on one side of the stage with her hand on the back of the chair in which sits MISS WHITE. It is better to begin a sort of buzz of conversation before the curtain rises, so that it will seem as if talk was in full movement. The actual dialogue is, of course, not to be taken up until the curtain is fully drawn.*

MRS. CROWLER. Of course I don't want to blame my pastor's wife, but —

MISS WHITE. Nobody would want to do that.

MRS. HOYT (*majestically*). But it is certainly proper to remark that she has no right to set an example of extravagance.

MISS W. It certainly is.

MRS. LOWELL. Are you sure, Miss Sharp, that there isn't any mistake?

MISS SHARP. I'm not in the habit of making mistakes, Mrs. Lowell, about things I tell. She told me herself. I asked her how much she sweetened her sweet pickle, and she said she put in half a cupful of sugar to a quart.

MRS. HENDERSON. But perhaps it was brown sugar. Did she say granulated?

MISS W. Yes, perhaps it was brown sugar.

MISS S. I asked her particularly. I said: "What kind of sugar do you use, Mrs. Davis?" And she said: "Rather coarse granulated."

MISS KEENE. Of course that settled it. (*She says this so meaningly that they all look at her. She smiles broadly, but*

they look puzzled until she adds.) It was coarse sugar, you know. *(They laugh feebly.)*

MISS W. Oh, how funny.

MRS. L. Well, after all, granulated sugar is only five cents a pound.

MRS. SMITHE. Six now.

MRS. HOYT. Not if you buy it in quantity. We always get twenty pounds at a time, and we only pay five cents and three-quarters.

MRS. BROWNE. But it's the principle of the thing. Brown sugar is just as good for sweet pickles, and it's extravagant to use granulated.

MISS S. I should think molasses was good enough for a poor minister's wife.

MRS. HEN. But she has to entertain so many ministers at conference time; and ministers are awfully particular about their pickles.

MISS W. Yes; especially their sweet pickles.

MRS. L. I don't think Mrs. Davis is extravagant. I'm sure she works hard enough.

MISS W. Yes; she does.

MRS. L. She can't come to this meeting because she's all tired out with the ministers they've had staying there conference week.

MRS. HOYT. I think, as this is a business meeting, she might have made a special effort.

(The clock strikes five.)

MRS. B. Goodness! It's five o'clock.

MISS GRAY. This meeting was called at three o'clock sharp; and we haven't done a thing yet.

MRS. HOYT. We should have if the meeting had been called to order.

MRS. S. I thought I'd wait a few minutes until the ladies got ready.

(She takes her place behind the table. The ladies arrange themselves so as half to face her, but without turning too much away from the audience. MRS. S. takes the gavel, and stands waiting.)

MISS G. *(to Miss K.)*. I'm sorry to trouble you, Miss Keene, but I shall have to come here.

MISS K. (*rising*). Oh, certainly. I wouldn't be secretary for anything.

(*She exchanges chairs with Miss G.*)

MRS. HEN. (*aside to Miss S.*). She wanted to be secretary awfully.

MISS S. She always sits down in the secretary's chair, so that if Selina Gray doesn't come she may be chosen.

MRS. S. (*rapping with gavel*). The meeting will please come to order. I wish to say, ladies, that I hope this meeting will be conducted on strictly business principles. There has been quite a good deal of talk lately in Rosedale about our not knowing anything about how to conduct business.

MRS. C. Yes; my husband laughs when I tell him about our business meetings. He says we act just like a parcel of hens.

MISS S. He has no respect for womanhood. I hope it isn't because he judges us all by his wife.

MISS K. If I had a husband who made a remark like that I'd be ashamed to repeat it.

MRS. C. You might be willing to repeat 'most anything to let folks know you had a husband: you, and Araminta Sharp, too.

MISS K. I'd rather have none than one that abuses women.

MRS. S. (*pounding*). Ladies, ladies, will you please come to order! The secretary will now read the report of the last meeting.

MISS G. (*reads*). Monday, April 3.—Meeting called to order by the President. The records read and approved. There being no quorum present it was unanimously voted to hold the next meeting on Thursday, as that day is more convenient for the members. On motion of Mrs. Mercy Browne, voted to appoint a committee of one to take charge of the Art Department of the Fair. Mrs. Browne kindly volunteered to serve as that committee. Adjourned.

MRS. S. The record is approved if nobody objects. 'Tis a vote unless doubted.

MISS S. Oh, nobody could doubt it; it sounds so natural.

MISS W. Yes; doesn't it?

MRS. S. There is really so much business to come before this meeting, ladies, that I can't tell where to begin; and I'd be greatly obliged if some one would make a motion, just to start things.

Miss K. A motion to put things in motion.

(She looks about as if expecting applause. The ladies smile at her vaguely. Suddenly a look of intelligence appears on the face of MRS. S.)

MRS. S. Motion—motion ! Very good, Miss Keene.

Miss W. What a good joke !

Miss G. My cousin in Boston—that is, she isn't my real cousin, but a step-cousin by marriage ; her stepfather married my mother's half-sister, but I always call her cousin—she was at a concert once, and she made an awfully good joke. I don't remember exactly what it was now, but it was awfully funny. It was something about music, and we all laughed.

Miss S. It doesn't seem to me that Boston jokes will help the Fair much ; and I move, Mrs. President—if I don't make a motion I'm sure I don't know who will—that the Fair be held the thirtieth of April.

Miss W. I second the motion.

MRS. S. It is moved and seconded that the Fair be held on the thirtieth of April ; but I'm sure the twenty-third would suit me a great deal better.

Miss K. Why not have it on the twentieth ? I'm sure that's late enough.

MRS. B. Oh, dear, no. I never could get half the things for my department done by that time. I move we have it the twenty-ninth.

Miss W. Second the motion.

MRS. S. It is moved and seconded that the Fair be held on the twenty-ninth ; and perhaps we'd better compromise on the twenty-fifth. If that be your minds you will please signify it. It is a vote.

Miss S. I shall stick to the thirtieth. I'll have the candy-table then, whether we have the rest of the Fair or not.

Miss K. "Sweets to the sweet."

MRS. HOYT. The thirtieth is Sunday, anyway.

Miss S. I don't believe it, and I don't care if it is. I shall have my part of the Fair then.

Miss W. Oh, not really ?

MRS. S. Suppose we compromise, and say the twenty-eighth. That hasn't been mentioned yet. It is a vote unless doubted. Please put it down at once, Miss Secretary.

MRS. C. I heard yesterday that they advertise granulated

sugar at five cents and a half at the Blue Store over at Bloomfield.

MRS. HEN. Did you? I've a great mind to send over after some.

MRS. L. We shall want a lot for the cooking for the Fair.

MISS S. Yes, especially for the candy; though, of course, for a Fair you can use cornstarch in the candy some. That saves a good deal.

MISS W. Yes; it must.

MRS. S. There'll have to be a general committee of arrangements. I suppose it is customary for the chair to appoint them, but I'm ready to receive nominations.

MRS. B. I nominate Miss Keene.

MISS W. I second the nomination.

MRS. S. Miss Keene will have enough to do at the cake-table. I think I'll appoint Mrs. Hoyt, Mrs. Crowler, Mrs. Henderson and Mrs. Lowell.

MISS S. There's never but three on that committee. You'll have to take off one.

MRS. S. Dear me! You must be mistaken. Besides, what difference does it make anyway?

MISS S. It isn't parliamentary. You said you wanted this meeting to be very strict.

MRS. S. Perhaps one of the ladies would be willing to resign. (*A pause, during which they look at one another.*) Well, perhaps it is better for one of the ladies to regard herself as a substitute, in case one of the others should be unable to serve.

MISS S. Which one is the substitute?

MRS. S. I should prefer that they should settle that among themselves.

MRS. HEN. Speaking of substitutes reminds me. Did you know that you can make mince-pies without meat? My niece from Bangor told me about it.

MRS. C. Oh, I've known that for ever so long; but I don't think they've much taste. My husband says they taste just like being asleep in church.

MRS. HEN. Why, what does he mean? How can a thing taste like being asleep? There isn't any taste to being asleep.

MRS. C. Oh, he doesn't mean anything. It's just one of his jokes.

MRS. HOYT. I don't regard it right to jest about the church.

MRS. C. Oh, my husband doesn't mean any harm. He must make jokes.

MISS W. Yes, some men are that way. (*The ladies converse in groups.*)

MISS G. (*to MRS. S.*). Have we done anything yet I ought to have put down except to fix the day?

MRS. S. We chose a general committee. Ladies, will you please attend to business? We really must have more committees. Will somebody make a motion?

MRS. L. Will you please wait while I show Miss Keene a tidy my cousin in Boston sent me? She wants to make one like it for the Fair, and I know I shall forget it if I don't do it now. It's up-stairs. [*Exit.*]

MRS. B. I am glad if somebody has a new tidy pattern. I almost felt as if we couldn't have a Fair this year, the old patterns have got so common.

MRS. C. Yes, it seems providential.

MISS S. Because we must have the Fair on account of the church debt.

MISS W. Of course we must.

Reenter MRS. L. with the tidy. They cluster about her, all talking at once. Exclamations of "How sweet!" "How awfully pretty!" "It doesn't look hard to do," and so on, are heard from the group of ladies. At last MRS. S. raps vigorously, and the ladies slowly resume their seats, MRS. L. holding up the tidy, and the rest admiring it.

MRS. S. Ladies, will you please come to order. Somebody, please, make a motion.

MRS. HEN. I don't think Friday's a good day for a fair, anyway. The twenty-eighth is Friday.

MRS. C. Oh, we shall be all tired out for baking-day.

MRS. L. I never thought of that. That'll never do.

MISS W. Oh, never in this world.

MRS. S. (*dropping into her chair*). Really, I don't see what we can do. There seem to be so many days and only one Fair; and we've had so many dates proposed.

MRS. HEN. Well, we can't have the Fair Friday.

MRS. S. Then we shall have to unvote something.

MRS. HOYT. I move the previous question.

(*There is a moment of silence in which they all regard MRS.*

HOYT *in doubt and wonder. She sits up very straight, and is evidently conscious of having made a sensation.*)

MISS W. (*falteringly*). I second the motion—if that's right.

MRS. S. I—I don't think that I quite understand.

MRS. HOYT. I moved the previous question.

MISS S. (*aside to Miss K.*). That's what comes of having a husband that was almost nominated for Representative.

MISS K. (*aside to Miss S.*). And has called himself the Honorable ever since.

MRS. S. The previous question, did you say?

MRS. HOYT. That takes us back to the beginning; and then we can change the date of our Fair in a strictly legal way.

MRS. S. It is moved and seconded the previous question. It is a vote.

MRS. HOYT (*looking about with a conciliating smile*). I don't think we'd better do away with everything in this case. We might let the committee of arrangements stand.

MISS K. (*aside*). That's the one she's chairman of.

MISS S. (*looking abstractedly at the ceiling*). I don't remember that there's anything in the by-laws about the previous question.

(*A general flutter. All look at Mrs. Hoyt, who draws herself up majestically.*)

MRS. HOYT. I supposed everybody knew that the rules of making motions don't have to be in the by-laws. They are in—in Cavendish's Manual.

(*A sensation. The members nod to each other as if they had always known this, and smile sarcastically on Miss S.*)

MISS S. (*muttering*). I'm glad I don't know so much as some folks pretend to.

MRS. HEN. It does seem to me that we might let this one year go without a Fair. There's been so much sickness in Rosedale this winter that everybody's tired out, and we had a great deal better wait till June, and then have a Strawberry Festival. I move we put the whole thing off till then.

MISS W. I second the motion.

MRS. S. I cannot consent to put that motion. We have made up our minds to have a Fair now, and we may as well have it and be done with it.

MRS. B. I move that we have a Fair *and* a Strawberry Festival.

MISS W. I second the motion.

MRS. S. It is moved and seconded that we have a Fair and a Strawberry Festival ; but that seems a good deal ; and I think I had better declare it not a vote unless doubted.

MRS. C. Does anybody know how many jars of sweet pickles Mrs. Davis generally makes ?

MISS S. She told me she had made as many as two dozen last year.

SEVERAL VOICES. Two dozen !

MRS. S. Ladies, will you attend to business ?

MRS. L. Now I think of it, I guess I won't be on that committee of arrangements. There'll be an awful lot to do.

MRS. HEN. I won't be on it either. I'll be chairman of the finance committee instead.

MRS. C. Now I think it over, I think I'll resign from the committee. My husband says I'm no good for arranging things.

MRS. S. (*rising with an air of desperation*). But, ladies, that leaves nobody on the committee but Mrs. Hoyt ; and that's all we've accomplished this afternoon except to fix the date.

MISS K. If we've voted "previous question" I don't see but we've still got to decide on the day. All that's undone now.

MRS. HOYT. Certainly ; only when I made the motion I *ex*-cepted the committee of arrangements.

MISS W. So she did.

MISS K. They've most of them resigned, so it comes to the same thing.

MRS. S. We don't seem to have anything fixed. If somebody would make a motion ——

MISS S. It's too late to make any more motions to-day. It's ten minutes of six.

(*All the ladies start to their feet, exclaiming : " Oh, is it so late ! " " I had no idea of it ! " " I must go this minute ! " Mrs. S. drops the gavel and hurries towards the door. Miss G. runs after her, the paper on which she has been writing in her hand, and catches Mrs. S. by the arm.*)

MISS G. Mrs. Smithe ! Oh, Mrs. Smithe !

MRS. S. Oh, don't stop me now. I promised my husband

faithfully I wouldn't be a minute later than half-past five and he'll be as cross as a bear.

MISS G. But what shall I put in the records? I haven't got anything but "previous question."

MRS. S. Oh, put in anything you like; only be sure and say we adjourned. The record must be businesslike.

CURTAIN

Fixing It For Father

By J. C. McMullen

A Farce in Three Acts. 6m., 5w. One easy interior. Father was a very staid professor of a very staid college. He was receiving under his name, letters for his brother-in-law, a high stepper who was, unknown to the professor, carrying on a correspondence with a matrimonial agency widow. The professor's two daughters found the letters and what they and their two boy "friends" didn't do to Father isn't worth telling. One of the boys decides he will meet the widow as the Professor and disgust her with professors in general. The other boy decides that he, as the widow, will meet the Professor and disgust him with widows. They meet—each other and the fun commences. There are 11 characters of equal importance, the dialogue is snappy and the action rapid. There isn't a dull moment in two hours. If you are looking for a play for an evening of culture, don't bother with this, but if you are looking for a farce that starts with a bang, rushes its way through three acts and winds up with a wallop, by all means, try it.

THE CAST

Prof. John Risdon, of Westport College.
Elinor and Beatrice, his daughters.
Dick Cunard, his brother-in-law.
Emma Blanchard, his sister-in-law.
William Merton, his boyhood friend.
Harold, Merton's son.
Harry Chalmers, in love with Beatrice.
Jack Denton, in love with Elinor.
Fanchon La Vonde, the widow.
Aunt Lize, the autocrat of the Risdon household.

- Act I. Living-room of the Professor's home, at Westport, near New York, 6:00 o'clock, Friday evening.
- Act II. The same. 7:15 P. M.
- Act III. The same. 8:00 P. M.

ROYALTY ONLY TEN DOLLARS

Each Amateur Performance

Books Thirty-Five Cents Each

WALTER H. BAKER COMPANY

41 Winter Street,

Boston, Mass.

Mail Order Brides

By J. C. McMullen

A Farce Comedy in Three Acts. 6m., 7w. 1 simple interior setting. Plays full evening. This is a story of the Nevada Cattle Range, written by one familiar with his subject. While the play is broadly farcical in parts it tells its story in a way that brings before you the actual life of the Western Plains. Ruby Heart Ranch, the scene of the play, has plenty of men, but only two women and one of them is an Indian Squaw. Two of the cowboys decide to send to a Chicago mail order house for wives, but their order is tampered with and when the girls arrive the fun commences. There is one too many! Affairs finally adjust themselves for all concerned but there is a lot of fun while it is being done. The characters are all good, the part of the Indian Squaw, originally played by the wife of the author, being particularly effective in the hands of a capable character woman.

THE FUNMAKERS

"Pinkey" Butler	} ranch hands.
"Skeet" Snyder	
Nance Henshaw.	
Nick Henshaw, owner of the Ruby Heart Ranch.	
Bob Henshaw, his son.	
Princess, the Indian servant.	
Rose Crandall, the maid.	
Jane Hamilton	} visitors from Chicago.
Deering Hamilton	
Queenie Dugan	} also of Chicago.
Arabella Jennings	
Gaynell Jones	
William Hamilton, of the firm of Hamilton & Blakes.	

SCENE: Dining-room of the Ruby Heart Ranch near Elko, Nev.

ACT I. Scene 1. After the dance.

Scene 2. Two weeks later. Ruby Heart is invaded

ACT II. Next morning. The invaders take possession.

ACT III. A few moments later. Peace.

ROYALTY ONLY TEN DOLLARS

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WALTER H. BAKER COMPANY

41 Winter Street,

Boston, Mass.

A LAUGHING SHOCK

The White Elephant

By Watkins E. Wright

A Comedy in Three Acts. 6m., 4w. 2 simple ints. Plays a full evening. This small town play concerns the efforts of Johnny, a real estate clerk, to popularize an Inn inherited from an uncle, and which has been a "white elephant" for years. A spinster aunt, a pretty school teacher, the grocerman's son, a musical comedy queen who is looking for an "aristocratic birthplace," a sentimental soap manufacturer, and a broken pickle bottle all start things off with a "bang." In an hilarious scene, Johnny auctions off his aunt's old home, earning in commissions a sum he needs to win the school teacher. As several people claim the house as a birthplace, many amusing complications arise. Two mysterious bearded strangers, arriving unexpectedly, create much excitement, but in the end Johnny marries the girl he loves, the actress finds happiness with her soap man, and Johnny's New York pals come down to open a filling station to take care of the cars belonging to the many tourists who stop at the Inn to enjoy Aunt Jane's marvelous meals. The Inn is transformed from a White Elephant to a Gold Mine!

THE CAST

Silas Green, the grocer's son.

Miss Jane Justice, of the Jonesboro Inn.

Mary Lake, a school teacher.

Johnny Allen, Miss Jane's nephew.

Mr. Fred Forbes, the Fancy Fruits for Fussy Folks man.

Miss Amelia Forbes, his sister.

Mrs. Waldo, an ex-musical comedy actress.

Mr. Waldo, her husband, owner of the Smellsweet Soap Company.

Bill and Ed, Johnny's two New York pals.

SCENE: The action of this three act comedy takes place in the lobby of the Jonesboro Inn, a typical small-town hotel,—in Jonesboro, Virginia, and in the partly furnished library of the Justice home, an old Colonial house on the outskirts of Jonesboro.

TIME: Late summer.

ROYALTY ONLY TEN DOLLARS

Each Amateur Performance

Books Thirty-Five Cents Each

WALTER H. BAKER COMPANY

A GREAT "JINER" PLAY

Getting George's Goat

By Allan A. Hoffman

A Farce in Three Acts. 4m., 4w. Single interior set. Two hours. The funniest play about lodges ever written. It may be presented on a platform in a lodge room or hall or in the largest theatre. There is an opportunity for the lodge members to introduce specialties and musical numbers. Although the play is replete with laughter, there is nothing to offend the most critical. You will see "signs" given during the play which you were unaware existed in your order. The dialogue gives ample opportunity to introduce local names and hits. It can be produced by all types of dramatic clubs for its plot story is universal. Every member of the cast is given an equal opportunity for work. There's George Daniels, nearly a lodge member; Mrs. Smythe-Jones, muchly a mother-in-law; Swanson Washington Jackson of the order of Chicken Thieves; Harry Walters on the inside; Claude Smythe-Jones, also a near lodge member; Mabel Benton, escaped from the Follies; Evelyn Daniels, George's wife, 100%; and Helen Parker, one of the innocent victims of a riot of fun.

THE CAST

George Daniels, nearly a lodge member.

Mrs. Smythe-Jones, muchly a mother-in-law.

Samson Washington Jackson, of Order of Chicken Thieves.

Harry Walters, who really is a lodge member.

Claude Smythe-Jones, also a near lodge member.

Mabel Beaton, escaped from the Follies.

Evelyn Daniels, George's wife.

Helen Parker, from across the street.

SCENE: The entire action of the play takes place in the living-room at the Daniels' at (Local town) during a period of eight hours.

Degree I. Early morning.

Degree II. Afternoon.

Degree III. Evening.

Time of playing about two hours.

ROYALTY ONLY TEN DOLLARS

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WALTER H. BAKER COMPANY

Be An Optimist

By Adam Applebud

The Quintessence of Nonsense in Three Acts. 6m.; 7w.; all equally important, with the opportunity, if desired, to use several "supers" with no lines. 2 simple interiors. Adam Applebud certainly blossomed forth with as many original situations and bits of business as a centipede has pedal extremities when he wrote "Be An Optimist." Funnier things happen than you ever dreamed of after a midnight encounter with a welsh-rarebit. For instance, can you imagine manufacturing a mummy with a love-sick swain, surgical bandages and a pail of coffee as the chief ingredients? Also, why are shot-guns and baseball bats vital to the antique business to say nothing of sledge-hammers and tooth-brushes? And why should Madame Goopher, the trance medium, faint when she suddenly discovers she isn't a liar after all? Would you stand within three feet of your best pal and listen to him make love to your girl and hear her ask him for a kiss? Our hero does, and he is helpless under the prevailing circumstances. The property man won't be worried as the "props" most important to the play are found in every home. The characters are more assorted than the component parts of boarding-house hash, and they will keep the laugh center in your medulla working livelier than a cash register in a bargain basement. Warning! If you yearn for "Culchaw" or have a burning desire to aid in the uplift of the "drahma," don't open a copy of "Be An Optimist"; but if you want the rafters of the old town hall to ring with laughter, hop to it!

THE PEOPLE OF THE PLAY AS YOU MEET THEM

Isaac Golditch, antiquer, of the Golditch Art Shop.

Becky, his daughter.

Pietro D'Angelo Caccialino, expert worm-holer.

Jimmie Maynard, "the poor stiff."

Mildred Clinton, who is in love and likes it.

Mrs. Clinton, "why mother-in-law jokes are true."

Mike, just what his name suggests.

Ray Hudson, a friend in need, but scarcely in deed.

Miss Hull, interior decorator.

Maggie, not green—for "greenness" wears off, so call her stupid.

Ethel Peabody, who defies love to affect her.

Spencer, a paid guest.

Madame Goopher, dispenser of spirits.

Guests at the Ball.

They Are Seen

During Act I—In the Golditch Art Shop. Morning.

During Act II—In Mrs. Clinton's Home. Afternoon.

During Act III—Still at Mrs. Clinton's. The next evening.

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